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Recollections of Lord Byron.

WHATEVER may have been the opinion of a portion of the public with respect to Lord Byron, while living, there is not we feel confident, a human being possessing the feelings of humanity that does not lament his fate, nor an Englishman that does not feel proud to call Byron his countryman. With a genius that has not been equalled since the time of that bard, "who was not for an age, but for all time," Byron could sway his readers, could raise a laugh, or elicit tears as he pleased.— Sometimes the desolate misanthropy of his mind rose, and threw its dark shade over his poetry like one of his own ruined castles—and we felt it to be sublime; at others, we are astonished by the sparkling humour, the well-pointed satire, and the severe sarcasm of his muse.— Byron's character, indeed, produced his poems; and it cannot be doubted that his poems are adapted to produce such a character. His heroes speak a language supplied not more by imagination than consciousness. They are not those machines that, by a contrivance of the artist, send forth a music of their own; but instruments through which he breathed his very soul, in tones of agonized sensibility, that cannot but give a sympathetic impulse to those who hear.

Such was Byron; and although we have already devoted one number of the MIRROR exclusively to a memoir of him, yet we are sure we shall be excused if, on presenting to our readers a most spirited and elegantly-engraved likeness of this illustrious poet, we add a few recollections of Byron—particularly of his youth.

It has been erroneously stated that Lord Byron was born in Scotland; and our northern friends, with a due watchfulness over the honour of their country, are proud of adding the name of Byron to the poets of Scotland. We certainly have no wish to deprive Scotia of one laurel, though she is rich enough to spare more than one, but truth compels us to state that Lord Byron was born in London, and that the place of his birth was Holles-street, Cavendish-square.

At the age of seven years young Byron, whose previous instruction in the English language had been his mother's sole task, was sent to the Grammar School, at Aberdeen, where he continued till his removal

to Harrow, with the exception of some intervals of absence, which were deemed necessary for the establishment of his health, by a temporary removal to the Highlands of Aberdeenshire, his constitution being always (while a boy) uncommonly delicate, his mind painfully sensitive, but his heart transcendently warm and kind. Here it was he delighted in "the mountain and the flood," and here it was that he imbibed that spirit of freedom, and that love for "the land of his Scottish sires," which nothing could tear from his heart. Here it was that he felt himself without restraint, even in dress; and on his return to school, which, by the bye, he always did with the utmost willingness, it was with much difficulty that his mother could induce him to quit the kilt and the plaid, in compliance with the manners of the town; but the bonnet he would never leave off, until it could be no longer worn.

At school his progress never was so distinguished above that of the general run of his class-fellows, as after those occasional intervals of absence, when he would in a few days run through (and well too) exercises, which, according to the school routine, had taken weeks to accomplish. But when he had overtaken the rest of his class, he contented himself with being considered a tolerable scholar, without making any violent exertions to be placed at the head of the first form. It was out of school that he aspired to be the leader of every thing. In all the boyish sports and amusements he would be the first, if possible. For this he was eminently calculated. Candid, sincere, a lover of stern and inflexible truth; quick, enterprising, and daring, his mind was capable of overcoming those impediments which nature had thrown in his way, by making his constitution and body weak, and by a mal-conformation of one of his feet. Nevertheless, no boy could outstrip him in the race, or in swimming. Even at that early period (from eight to ten years of age) all his sports were of a manly character; fishing, shooting, swimming, and managing a horse, or steering and trimming the sails of a boat, constituted his chief delights; and to the superficial observer, seemed his sole occupation. This desire for supremacy in the school games, which we have alluded to, led him into many combats, out of which he

always came with honour, almost always victorious. Upon one occasion, a boy, pursued by another, took refuge in his mother's house; the latter, who had been much abused by the former, proceeded to take vengeance on him, even on the landing-place of the drawing-room stairs, when young Byron came out at the noise, and insisted that the refugee should not be struck in his house, or else he must fight for him. The pursuer, "nothing loath," accepted the challenge, and they fought for nearly an hour, when both were compelled to give in, from absolute exhaustion.

It is the custom of the Grammar School at Aberdeen, that the boys of all the five classes, of which it is composed, should be assembled for prayers in the public school at eight o'clock in the morning, previous to which a censor calls over the names of all, and those who are absent are fined.

The first time that Lord Byron had come to school after his accession to his title, the rector had caused his name to be inserted in the censor's book—*Georgius Dominus de Byron*, instead of *Georgius Byron Gordon*, as formerly. The boys, unused to this aristocratic sound, set up a loud and involuntary shout, which had such an effect on his sensitive mind, that he burst into tears, and would have fled from the school, had he not been restrained by the master. A school-fellow of Byron's had a very small Shetland pony, which his father had bought him, and one day they were riding and walking by turns, to the banks of the Don, to bathe. When they came to the bridge, over that dark, romantic stream, Byron bethought him of the prophecy which he incorrectly quotes (from memory, it is true), in one of his latter cantos of *Don Juan*—

"Brig o' Balgownie! wight's thy wa'
Wi' a wife s'ae son, and a mare's ae foal,
Down shalt thou fa."

He immediately stopped his companion, who was then riding, and asked him if he remembered the prophecy, saying, that as they were both only sons, and as the pony *might* be "a mare's ae foal," he would rather ride over first, because he had only a mother to lament him should the prophecy be fulfilled by the falling of the bridge, whereas the other had both a father and a mother to grieve after him.

In our memoir of Lord Byron we stated that his Lordship had written his own life, and that the MS. had been destroyed. This is an event deeply to be lamented, and can only be justified on the ground that it was the last wish of Byron himself. On this subject we perfectly agree with the observations of an able writer in

the last number of a contemporary publication.* Speaking of the destruction of the memoirs of Byron, the writer observes:—

"Whatever may be the opinion of the present generation, I am at least convinced that the future will think with me, and cry out aloud against the perpetrators of a deed which can never be repaired.—Of all the works given by that mighty mind, that lofty genius (which alike rode in the whirlwind, or sparkled in the sun-beam), not one, perhaps, would have been found more deeply interesting, more intensely commanding, than the history of his own heart,—the development of energies, passions, and peculiarities, all marked by sublimity and talent; and which, like the stricken rock in the wilderness, would flow from the fountain of memory in a distant land more fully and purely, less 'mixed with baser matter,' than they could have done when surrounded by persons and objects calculated to distract and harass him.

"If Lord Byron was an erring man, of which we can have little doubt, since he has told us so himself, surely there is the more reason to listen to his apology, if he is able to make one; to detect the fallacy of his reasons, if he is not, and point out anew to ourselves the distinction between the genius we must admire and the virtue we ought to venerate. These are not times in which the most dazzling talents, the most alluring sophistry, can injure any but willing victims; and it would be the perfection of cant for any man to say 'that he could not in conscience' read any work which Lord Byron could or would write. In fact, we all know that more has been said on this point already than the subject warranted. It is, however, no bad sign of the times, that a holy jealousy, a vigilant guarding of the public mind, even towards *him* who was the master-spirit of the age, the prince of our princely race of poets, has been evinced; but, since we have done so much in the way of warning him and guarding ourselves, surely we might have joyfully, thankfully, accepted from him the most endearing of all legacies—his *own portrait* by his *own pencil*.

"Over this legacy, so desired, whether intended to sting to the heart a country he had renounced, or to prove he had yet reluctantly-owned, but fondly-nurtured, recollections of love for her, it is alike evident no private considerations or personal feelings could in justice decide.—Byron could not fail to be aware of his own importance; he knew his country had

an interest in him; knew, too, that she was proud of him, even when angry with him; and was aware that, as persons and incidents died away in her memory, that pride and love would increase, and, of course, that every circumstance, every thought, which recalled his genius, his opinions, his misfortunes, even his faults, to view, would possess an attraction, similar to that he had himself felt for Tasso and Pope. In writing his life, he might be said to propitiate kindly feelings, to reward friendly exertions, to deprecate censure, to punish malignity, if it had existed, or to give the falsely-accused power of reply; to re-unite himself with his country and his kindred, and submit to their censure, or claim their support, as a man and a brother, no longer alienated by the stern sullenness of pride brooding over its wrongs, or the consciousness of sins which were, perhaps, falsely imputed."

This is not only a charitable, but a just estimate of a transaction, which has excited such an astounding interest in the literary world. That a work of Byron's, and that of so interesting a character, as the memoirs of himself, should be destroyed, is a sacrilege better becoming the harpies of the inquisition, than a country which boasts of its freedom and of the liberty of the press.

It has somewhat surprised us, that there have been no tributes to the memory of Byron by our eminent poets. They can feel no jealousy now, and although we certainly could not expect Southey, nor even Wordsworth, to tune their lyres on such an occasion, yet, surely Scott, Moore, and Campbell, might have done homage to that master spirit they were eager to follow, though they could not approach him. Sir Walter Scott, perhaps, may be excused, since he has paid a warm tribute to Byron's talents in prose.* Byron, however, was indifferent to such honours, if we may judge from the wish expressed by him in one of his poems, in which he says,

"When my soul wings her flight,
To the regions of night,
And my corse shall recline on its bier,
As ye pass by the tomb,
Where my ashes consume,
Oh! moisten their dust, with---a tear!

"May no marble bestow,
That splendour of woe,
Which the children of vanity rear:---
No fiction of fame,
To blazon my name.

All I ask,---all I wish,---is---a tear!"

Is there a Greek---is there a man who will refuse this tributary tear? We believe not. This was Byron's wish: his

* See Mirror, No. 87.

own Epitaph he may also be said to have written; and the following lines which he wrote on the death of Sheridan are singularly applicable to himself, and more appropriate than any that have been written on his own death.

"E'en as the tenderness that hour instils,
When summer's day declines along the hills,
So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes,
When all of Genius, which can perish, dies.
A mighty spirit is eclips'd---a power
Hath passed from day to darkness---to whose
hour

*Of light no likeness is bequeathed; no name,
Focus at once of all the rays of fame!
The flash of wit, the bright intelligence,
The beam of song, the blaze of eloquence,
Set with their sun---but still have left behind
Th' enduring produce of immortal mind:
Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon,
A deathless part of him who died too soon!"*

Byron, during his residence abroad, avoided English society very much, less, we are assured, from a want of respect for his country or countrymen, but because he knew how eager the public was to catch at any thing that related to his private life. In an Appendix to his *Doge of Venice*, he mentions that some traveller had asserted, that he had repeatedly declined an introduction to him while in Italy.

"Who this person may be," says Lord Byron, "I know not, but he must have been deceived by all or any of those who 'repeatedly offered to introduce him,' as I have invariably refused to receive any English with whom I was not previously acquainted, even when they had letters from England. If the whole assertion is not an invention, I request this person not to sit down with the notion that he *could* have been introduced, since there has been nothing I have so carefully avoided as any kind of intercourse with his countrymen---excepting the very few who were a considerable time resident in Venice or had been of my previous acquaintance. Whoever made him any such offer was possessed of impudence equal to that of making such an assertion without having had it. The fact is, that I hold in utter abhorrence any contact with the *travelling English*, as my friend the Consul General Hoppner, and the Countess Benzonì (in whose house the *conversazione* most frequently by them is held) could amply testify, were it worth while. I was persecuted by these tourists, even to my riding-ground at Lido, and reduced to the most disagreeable circuits to avoid them. At Madame Benzonì's I repeatedly refused to be introduced to them; of a thousand such presentations pressed upon me, I accepted two, and both were to Irish women.

"I should hardly have descended to

speak of such trifles, publicly, if the impudence of this 'Sketcher,' had not forced me to a refutation of a disingenuous and gratuitously impertinent assertion; so meant to be; for what could it import to the reader to be told that the author had repeatedly declined an introduction? Even had it been true, which, for the reasons I have above given, is scarcely possible. Except Lords Lansdowne, Jersey, and Lauderdale; Messrs. Scott, Hammond, Sir Humphrey Davy, the late M. Lewis, W. Banks, M. Hoppner, Thomas Moore, Lord Kinnaird, his brother, Mr. Joy, and Mr. Hobhouse, I do not recollect to have exchanged a word with another Englishman since I left their country: and almost all these I had known before. The others, and God knows there were some hundreds, who bored me with letters or visits, I refused to have any communication with, and shall be proud and happy when that wish becomes mutual."

When residing at Mitylene, in the year 1812, he portioned eight young girls very liberally, and even danced with them at the marriage feast; he gave a cow to one man, horses to another, and cotton and silk to several girls who live by weaving these materials. He also bought a new boat for a fisherman who had lost his own in a gale, and he often gave Greek testaments to the poor children.

We have already noticed Lord Byron's exploit in performing Leander's exploit, that of swimming across the Hellespont, nor did he consider it a very extraordinary feat, as will be seen by the following extract of a letter, written by his Lordship, in February, 1821.

"My own experience, and that of others, bids me pronounce the passage of Leander perfectly practicable: any young man in good health, and with tolerable skill in swimming, might succeed in it from either side. I was three hours in swimming across the Tagus, which is much more hazardous, being two hours longer than the passage of the Hellespont. Of what may be done in swimming, I shall mention one more instance. In 1818, the Chevalier Mingaldo, (a gentleman of Bassano,) a good swimmer, wished to swim with my friend, Mr. Alexander Scott, and myself; as he seemed particularly anxious on the subject, we indulged him.—We all three started from the Island of the Lido, and swam to Venice.—At the entrance of the grand canal, Scott and I were a good way a-head, and we saw no more of our foreign friend; which, however, was of no consequence, as there was a gondola to hold his clothes, and pick him up.

Scott swam on till past the Rialto, where he got out—less from fatigue than *amusement*, having been four hours in the water without rest, or stay, except what is to be obtained by floating on one's back,—this being the condition of our performance. I continued my course on to Santa Chiara, comprising the whole of the grand canal, (beside the distance from the Lido,) and got out where the Laguna once more opens to Fusina. I had been in the water, by my watch, without help or rest, and never touching ground or boat, four hours and twenty minutes. To this match, and during the greater part of the performance, Mr. Hoppner, the Consul General, was witness, and it is well known to many others. Mr. Turner can easily verify the fact, if he thinks it worth while, by referring to Mr. Hoppner. The distance we could not accurately ascertain; it was of course considerable.

"I crossed the Hellespont in one hour and ten minutes only. I am now ten years older in time, and twenty in constitution, than I was when I passed the Dardanelles; and yet two years ago, I was capable of swimming four hours and twenty minutes; and I am sure that I could have continued two hours longer, though I had on a pair of trowers—an accoutrement which by no means assists the performance. My two companions were also four hours in the water. Mingaldo might be about thirty years of age, Scott about six-and-twenty. With this experience in swimming, at different periods of age, not only on the spot, but elsewhere, of various persons, what is there to make me doubt that Leander's exploit was perfectly practicable? If three individuals did more than passing the Hellespont, why should he have done less?"

Lord Byron is succeeded in his title by a cousin of his, Captain Byron, of the Royal Navy; he has left a daughter, to whom he appears to have been most ardently attached, and whose birth called forth the following effusion from his magic pen:—

TO MY DAUGHTER

ON THE MORNING OF HER BIRTH.

HAIL to this teeming stage of life;
Hail, lovely miniature of life!
Pilgrim of many cares untold!
Lamb of the world's extended fold!
Fountain of hopes, and doubts, and fears!
Sweet promise of extatic years!
How could I faintly bend the knee
And turn idolater to thee!

'Tis nature's worship—felt—confess'd,
Far as the life which warms the breast;
The sturdy sage, amidst his clan,
The rudest portraiture of man,

In trackless woods and boundless plains,
Where everlasting wildness reigns,
Owns the still thro'—the secret start—
The hidden impulse of the heart.

Dear babe! ere yet upon thy years
The soil of human vice appears,
Ere passion hath disturb'd thy cheek,
And prompted what thou dar'st not speak;
Ere that pale lip is blanch'd with care,
Or from those eyes shoot fierce despair,
Would I could wake thy untun'd ear,
And gust it with a father's prayer.

But little reck'st thou, oh, my child!
Of travail on life's thorny wild!
Of all the dangers, all the woes,
Each tottering footstep which enclose;
Ah! little reck'st thou of the scene
So darkly wrought, that spreads between
The little all we here can find,
And the dark mystic sphere behind!

Little reck'st thou, my earliest born,
Of clouds which gather round thy morn,
Of sets to lure thy soul astray,
Of snares that intersect thy way,
Of secret foes, of friend untrue,
Of fiends who stab the hearts they woo—
Little thou reck'st of this sad store—
Would thou might'st never reck them more!

But thou wilt burst this transient sleep,
And thou wilt wake, my babe, to weep;
The tenant of a frail abode,
Thy tears must flow, as mine have flow'd;
Beguil'd by follies every day,
Sorrow must wash the faults away,
And thou must wake perchance to prove
The pang of unrequited love.

Unconscious babe, the' on that brow
No half-fledg'd misery nestles now,
Scarcely round thy placid lips a smile
Maternal fondness shall beguile,
Ere the moist footstep of a tear
Shall plant thy dewy traces there,
And prematurely pave the way
For sorrows of a riper day.

Oh! could a father's pray'r repel
The eye's sad grief, the bosom's swell;
Or could a father hope to bear
A darling child's allotted care,
Then thou, my babe, should'st slumber still,
Exempted from all human ill:
A parent's love thy peace should free,
And ask its wounds again for thee.

Sleep on, my child; the slumber brief
Too soon shall melt away to grief;
Too soon the dawn of woe shall break,
And briny rills bedew that cheek;
Too soon shall sadness quench those eyes,
That breast be agonized with sighs,
And anguish o'er the beams of noon
Lead clouds of care,—ah, much too soon!

Soon wilt thou reckon of cares unknown,
Of wants and sorrows all their own,
Of many a pang, and many a woe,
That thy dear sex alone can know—
Of many an ill untold, unsung,
That wilt not—may not find a tongue,
But kept conceal'd without control,
Spread the fell cancers of the soul.

Yet be thy lot, my babe more blest!
May joy still animate thy breast!
Still, 'midst thy least propitious days,
Shedding its rich, inspiring rays,
A father's heart shall daily bear
Thy name upon its secret pray'r,
And as he seeks his last repose,
Thine image ease life's parting throes.

Then, hail, sweet miniature of life!
Hail to this teeming stage of strife!
Pilgrim of many cares untold!
Lamb of the world's extended fold!
Fountain of hopes, and doubts, and fears!
Sweet promise of extatic years!
How could I faintly bend the knee,
And turn idolater to thee!

How much it is to be regretted that a father, who displayed so much parental affection, should by any circumstances be separated from the child of his heart!

Nothing now remains for us but to add a few more tributes to the memory of this distinguished individual, to whose genius, foreigners, as well as Englishmen, pay a willing homage. The Nuremberg Gazette of May 26, has the following article from Greece:

“There is no doubt, that if the life of Lord Byron had been prolonged, he would have done incalculable service to the Greeks, by his enthusiastic zeal and his extensive connections. Not only his own countrymen, in unexpectedly large numbers, but other foreigners from all parts of Europe, were called together under the *Aegis* of his much-respected name. The differences which were likely to arise between the Porte and Great Britain, from the connection of a man of so much importance with the Greeks, allowed us to hope for events, in the course of which, Greece might, perhaps, all at once, have acquired a tranquil existence, have completely organized its internal constitution, and her fields, drenched with the blood of her children, would have rewarded the peaceful labours of the husbandman. The loss of this magnanimous Nobleman is most deeply felt. At Missolonghi, the inhabitants of which had the best opportunity of seeing and admiring the extent of his activity, every body is plunged in the most profound affliction. If we had lost a great battle, the grief at such a misfortune would not have been so general: our country has still sons enough to repel the invading enemy; a defeat would only animate them to new victories; but this loss is irreparable, and the animating spirit of a man like Lord Byron, whom fortune, and, perhaps, his own previous mode of life, had placed in a state of mind, in which life had no charms for him, unless enhanced by something extraordinary—such a spirit dwells in very few men, and in them, perhaps, not to their own good.”

A more ardent tribute to the memory of Byron has been paid by M. Charles Dupin, member of the French Institute.

“The cause of a people,” he says, “whose ancestors have acquired immortal renown—of a people who, inspired by this

recollection, also take up arms to conquer independence and honour—this cause, so just and so glorious, has been sufficient to animate generous hearts and vivid imaginations. All men, whose elevated minds pay to the Muses a homage worthy of them, have united their hopes and applauses in favour of a feeble, but courageous people, who are braving the danger of destruction, and paying with their blood the price of the liberty they adore. Poets, historians, authors, orators, all the children of genius, whose names enlightened nations pronounce with pride, have consecrated a portion of their talents in honour of modern Greece. Their eulogies have saved these noble efforts from the opprobrium which is attached to impious or factious rebellions. But amongst all those illustrious characters, who has distinguished himself like Lord Byron? Who has equalled him—I will not say in his poetry, in his prose, or in his oratory; but in his sacrifices! Who, like him, in the full sway of his passions, in the flower of his age, in the bosom of luxury, of pleasure, and of a dignified retirement, could at once tear himself from the delights of life, from a voluptuous country, and proceed to a soil impoverished by despotism, and desolated by intestine war? He lands in Greece, to encourage the timid—to animate the brave—to consecrate his fortune to noble purposes—and his genius to painful efforts; above all, to appease already rising dissensions, and to double, by union, the power of a people whose very existence is in danger. This is what has been done by Lord Byron. Such greatness of mind had no example; and hitherto it has had no imitators.

“Doubtless, at some future day, when victory shall have restored peace to Greece, and leisure to her hereditary genius—at some future day, the Peloponnesus will again be the theatre of the panegyrics, the festivals, and the games of Delphi, of Nemea, and of Olympia, and the descendants of Pindar will re-awaken the lyre which celebrated the glory of the conquerors of Marathon, of Platea, and of Salamis. Then the most harmonious of languages will consecrate the memory of the immortal poet who terminated his career by an act of illustrious devotion, as imperishable as the most beautiful of its own strains. Then, the posterity of Eschylus, and of Tyrtaeus, of Themistocles, and of Aristides, will repeat chants which will ascend to Heaven, accompanied by the unanimous praises of a whole nation, grateful, as a free people know how to be.

“Already have the inhabitants of Greece

worthily paid the first sepulchral homage to the generous man who thus espoused their cause. The entire nation is clad in mourning, and the people and the army, in the train of the senate and magistrates, have solemnized his obsequies; as in modern times, and in another hemisphere, the countrymen of an Adams and a Franklin, celebrated those of the heroes of their independence. Poetry will seize upon so noble a theme. In all enlightened states, they, who dedicate their muse to magnanimous actions, will consecrate their most noble strains to the last deeds and to the memorable end of Lord Byron.

“For ourselves, we know how subject we all are to error and to weakness, in our actions as well as in our thoughts; let us leave to another age, and to other men, the painful task of exposing some faults, and of scrutinizing some deviations in the career of him who has never committed a crime—of him who sinned rather in abstaining from respecting some duties, but who at least never wished to tarnish that liberty, and degrade that social dignity, which all elevated minds entertain for all human-kind. This is what the writers of every age and of every nation are bound to honour with unanimous homage.

“Certain it is that France will not delay to reap this noble harvest. The muse which recorded the misfortunes of Parga,* and the poet of Messeniennes,† will here find a worthy subject for excellence—for the inspiration of new ideas, calculated to elevate the heart of man, and to excite him to great and generous deeds.

“I resided amongst the Greeks at the period when our triumphant eagles took, along the Hellenic coasts, a flight which was the signal for the awakening of a whole people. Then my feeble voice was heard among those which proclaimed to the descendants of Harmodius and Aristogiton, the first cry of deliverance and regeneration. I now offer my homage of respect and gratitude to the memory of one of their benefactors. Far from being unworthily jealous of a glory which illustrates a country emulous of my own, I deposit my humble palm at the foot of the monument which a great genius has raised for posterity by the noble termination of his career.”

Several anecdotes might be related of the generosity of Lord Byron, although he was one of those who wished

“To do good by stealth, and blush'd to find it fame.”

Campbell, the author of the “Pleasures of Hope,” in the last number of the “New

* M. Viennet. † M. C. de la Vigne.

Monthly Magazine," in a brief memoir of Byron, says, "Lord Byron resembled an ancient Greek in many points: as has been observed, 'he reminds us of those better days of Grecian story when valour bowed at the shrine of wisdom, and never appeared more engaging than when scattering incense over the tomb of genius. Enslaved and degraded as the Greeks have become, they are still the descendants of that wonderful race that first gave elevation to the human mind; and if there be one pageant more sublime than another, it is undoubtedly the funeral of an illustrious foreigner consigned to the tomb amidst scenes and associations such as exist in no other country—who merits the regrets he so spontaneously calls forth—whose pall is supported by warriors who hoped to have fought or fallen by his side—whose bier is strewn with flowers, and his requiem chanted by the vestals of liberty, and his funeral knell answered by echoes that may have smote the ear of Socrates and Plato. That such a distinction awaits all that remains of the noble author of 'Childe Harold' we can as little doubt as that he richly deserved it. Even when a mere boy his Lordship was a perfect enthusiast in the cause of Greece. Again and again he braved all the perils of Turkish jealousy to linger amidst scenes which his youthful studies had taught him to revere—he climbed Parnassus—swam the Hellespont—bathed his burning brow in the waters of Helicon—penned sublime verses on the plains of Marathon; and, in a word, resigned himself so completely to classic association, that he seemed a Greek in spirit, though a Briton in name."

GREECE—LORD BYRON.

THE waves that fall upon the strand
Of exiled Glory's native land,
Receding, bear to distant climes
The tales of deeds of former times;
When they, the noble and the free,
Bled in the cause of liberty;
And to their offspring left a name
Encircled by the wreath of fame.

Again upon that lovely shore
Was lately heard the battle's roar,
When, emulating deeds of yore,
Each Grecian bondsman firmly stood,
And sought his freedom with his blood;—
Then Turkish chains away were cast,
And then, like echoes of the past,
Arose the shouts of victory,
Arousing dull Thermopylae,
That sung them on to Marathon:
Thus freedom's battle was begun,
And shall it not by Greece be won?

Land of the lovely and the brave,
Upon thy heroes' verdant grave,
Flowers, as of Eden, drop their dew,
And consecrate the air around

With fragrance sweet as their hue;
Upon thy shores the guitar's sound
Has joined the murmuring waves at even,
And in a low, unearthly strain,
Has told of some far distant heaven
Where comes not slavery or pain.
But, now thy armed sons disclaim
The tyrant's yoke, the Craven's name;
Now shun the guitar's peaceful tone
To hear the music of a groan,
And seek once more to render thee
The dwelling-place of Liberty.

There is a name that will survive
Royalty's monumental stone,
And, long as history can give
Deserved renown, must deathless live;
Byron, it is thine own.
Greece was the subject of thy muse,
The object which by thee was loved
The land that thou thyself didst choose

To be thine ages resting-place:
To finish there thy mortal race
Was thy young wish, and Death approved.
There, on that loved and classic ground,
A monument to thee is reared,
On which a Poet's name is found,
By friends beloved, by despots feared;
And in it is the noblest heart
That ever warmed the breast of man:
Alas! that genius must depart,
That life is but a span!

Yet not in vain did Byron die
From home and scenes of youth afar:
For, as a standard floting high,
Amid the clashing ranks of war,
Whene'er it meets the soldier's sight,
Gives him fresh courage for the fight;
His name, if once in battle spoken,
Shall nerve each heart with firmer zeal;
Whilst to each Greek it does betoken
The friend that perished for his weal.

Tino.

FROM A POEM ENTITLED "RETROSPECTION."

But, hark!—a dreadful knell has met mine ear;
It sounds of death—it tolls the death of one,
Who had mark'd out as glorious a career
As ever, ev'n in Greece, by man was run.
Ev'n he, alike to Game and Freedom dear—
The noblest spirit of the World, is gone,
Byron, ev'n he, lies *passionless*, and cold—
As lifeless as Leonidas of old.

When I took up my too presumptuous pen,
To trace those Sianzas, ah! I little thought
That ere I'd lay it down, that first of men,
Should be reduced unto a thing of naught.
"We ne'er shall look upon his like again;"
His intellectual part its home has sought;
His soul unto its maker has arisen,
"This world to his great spirit was a Prison."

Greece, keep his heart—whilst living it was
thine;

Plant Cypress-trees around his hallow'd Urn;
In years to come, it shall be Freedom's Shrine,
To which her Pilgrims shall with reverence
turn.

To pay the heart's pure homage—Would 'twere
mine

To go on such a Pilgrimage—to spurn
All other hopes, there, 'mid that sacred gloom,
To pass one lonely night by Byron's Tomb.

But, oh! upon Mankind he has a claim;
Posterity shall turn to Hist'ry's page,
Which shall be brighten'd by the splendid name
Of him, who was the wonder of this Age.
Fair Liberty shall oft, aloud, proclaim
Her loss—and Poet, Patriot, and Sage,

Shall mourn with her—and, ah! the Sisters
Nine;
Shall place green Chaplets round his sacred
Shrine.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

Weep, Greece! for the bard who sang freedom
so sweetly,
Who sooth'd the fierce soul by the touch of his
lyre
Has sunk down to rest in the midst of his glory,
While he sigh'd for your land, and re-kindled
your fire.

Weep, England! thou rock, in the midst of the
ocean,
Whose sons, as the billows of ocean, are free:
For thy bard shed one tear, e'en one tear of
devotion,
Oh! pity thy Byron, who oft sigh'd for thee.
His sun rose majestic, his sky was unclouded,
His course, for a season, ran gloriously on;
But his sun set too soon, and the poet enshrouded:
The radiance, the splendour, the proud soul
are gone.

Farewell to thee, Byron! but mem'ry shall
linger,
And time rolling onward proclaim thy sweet
lays;
And when Freedom's banners are flying—her
finger
Shall point to thy grave, and rehearse thy
past days. C.

LINES ON LORD BYRON.

"O! what a noble mind is here o'erthrown."
SHAKESPEARE.

Best friend to sacred Freedom and the free,
Who shall, in terms deserving speak thy praise
What to thy manes—can an offering be,
Worthy at such a shrine its head to raise?
Thy soul-inspiring muse alone could frame
A verse, to honour such a deathless name.
Yet would'st thou not despise my humble lay;
The heart's warm incense of a virgin muse;
A glow-worm's taper, to refulgent day—
A speck thy sun-like glory'd not refuse:
Here at thy altar, then, I'd bow my head,
And, what adored while living, praise when
dead.

Thine's not the fame, by battles earn'd,
The blood-stained glory of a victor's name;
No! round the fire where Byron is inurn'd,
No murderous record's seem to dim its flame;
Bright as the cause in which thy life was plighted
Clear as the pyre where freedom's torch is
lighted.

Thou sought'st for knowledge in the ways of
death,

And early found it—ere the usual span
Of mortal life—relinquishing thy breath,
Eager to gain the secret, none will know,
'Till death's relentless hand has laid them low,
Thy philanthropic spirit glanc'd upon
The mighty mass of suffering man, and shame,
Lighted thine eyes, as they indign look'd on
The "fantastic tricks" of those who dared to
claim

A "right divine," despotic rule to gain,
And round a struggling world throw slavery's
chain.

Against Oppression thou wast ever arm'd
Wielding the thunder of thy giant mind;
Labouring to improve a nation yet unform'd,
And from tyrannic thralldom free mankind
Thy name shall shine with Greece and Liberty,
Best friend to sacred freedom and the free.
Southampton Chronicle. R. B.

We shall conclude with two original
pieces with which we have been favoured;
others have reached us for which we have
no room.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

(For the Mirror.)

Weep, weep ye nations of the earth,
In sack-cloth now be dress'd,
Throw ashes on your heads and mourn,
For England's Bard's at rest.

Cease, cease ye birds of joyful notes,
Your morn and evening song,
And deepest notes of sorrow sing,
For England's Bard is gone.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, in heaven high,
Your lustre fail to shed,
Surround the globe in night's dark cloud,
For England's Bard has fled.

Ye trees that tower aloft in pride,
Bow down your heads and weep,
As willows bending o'er the brook,
For England's Bard's asleep.

Ye flowers and herbs of various kinds,
Your weeping now begin,
For his whose eye flash'd heavenly fire,
Alas! too soon's grown dim. E. L.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

(For the Mirror.)

Thou harp of the Poet is silent in death
(That harp which so oft with love's witchery
rang.)

Ne'er again shall it wake in magical breath,
Or sing in that grandeur which lately it sung.

Yes, the bard has "fell pale" in a far, foreign
land,

With "no mother to weep" o'er the patriot
pier,

Tho' honour'd his corse by each freeman's com-
mand—

Tho' hallow'd his tomb by Achæa's cold fear.

He has left all fondly in sorrow and sadness,
As the Sun shall depart when earth's reign is
no more,

He has left us in Spring without one thought of
gladness

To wean us away from the "Child" or the
"Glaucus."

Ah, long shall the lyre hang mute in the hall,
Ere it soar in those strains that in "Lara" it
soar'd.

Ah, long shall it rest o'er the "canopied fall,"
Ere it burst forth again as a conqueror's
sword.

His name "for all time" shall be wreathed with
green,

And to Britons be dear as their country and
kin—

While the maid shall oft weep o'er his Halcyon
unseen.

Tho' they tell her the measure be woven in sin.

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